

When he was taunted at the beginning of 1837 (I think) with changing his opinions, he gallantly resigned the seat for Westminster, and declared himself at the same time a candidate for the vacancy. It was a crisis in the Conservative cause, and it was generally felt on both sides that his fate would decide the future course of politics. The Tories worked hard. The Carlton Club mapped the City into districts and divided these among the ardent youth of the party. May Fair fell to me and Sir Robert Pigot, and very great fun we had. There was one street in our district entirely filled with cooks, chiefly foreigners. Ten years afterwards, writing *Tancred*<sup>1</sup> I availed myself of the experience then obtained, and it formed my first chapter. Burdett won his election: and no one ever enjoyed a triumph more. Perhaps he found the contest still more exciting. He was 'at home' every evening during it, in his dining room, and all might come who cared. There he delivered every evening one of his constitutional harangues, or invectives, against O'Connell, then in the Liberal ascendant. They were very fiery and created great enthusiasm when he denounced the manner of the famous agitator 'half bully, and half blarney.'<sup>1</sup>

*To /Sarah Disraeli.*

*June.*  
*19, 1837.*

There was an agreeable party at Madame Montalernbert's; but whether la Comtesse had taken an extra glass of champagne, or what might be the cause, she lionised me so dreadfully that I was actually forced to run for my life. She even produced *Venetia* and was going to read a passage out loud, when I seized my hat and rushed downstairs, leaving the graceful society of Lady Egerton, much to my vexation. . . .

I have just seen a very interesting letter from Munster dated 11 last night. The King dies like an old lion. He said yesterday to his physicians, 'Only let me live through this glorious day !' This suggested to Munster to bring the tricolor flag which had just arrived from the Duke of Wellington, and show it to the King. William IV. said, 'Eight, right,' and afterwards, 'Unfurl it and let me feel it,' then he pressed the eagle and said, 'Glorious day.' This may be depended on. He still lives.

D.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Burdett reappears, with many of the features of this sketch reproduced, as Sir Fraunceys Scrope in *JSndymion*, ch. 76. <sup>3</sup> *Letters*, p. 113.